

## DOCTORS FAILED. RESTORED BY PERUNA.

### Catarrh of the Lungs Threatened Her Life.

Miss Ninette Porter, Braintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by Peruna."

"I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me. I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and I commenced using it."

"I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me."

"After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued the treatment."

"I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

### LOVE AND MONEY.



They say "love makes the world go round."

And may it never cease;  
Quite true, but please don't forget,  
Money's the axle grease.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Not a Model Family.

"Your father doesn't think you have been especially well behaved," said the small boy's uncle.

"I know that," answered the precocious juvenile. "But things I have heard mother say make me think he isn't any great judge of high class deportment."

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

In Use For Over 30 Years.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It is harder for a woman to pray her husband into heaven than it is to nag him into the other place.

A TRIFLING COUGH will become a permanent one unless stopped. Allen's Lung Balm will surely stop it. A 25c bottle is large enough for that. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

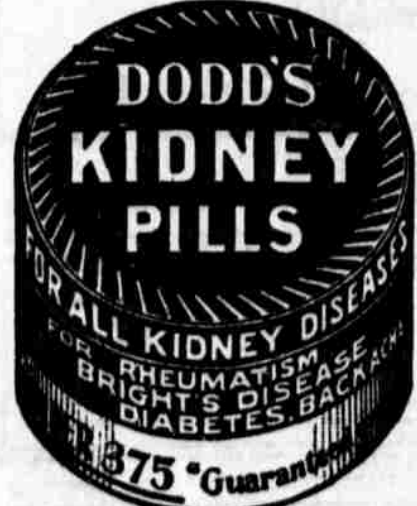
Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROV'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Sometimes a man's wisdom is due to the possession of a clever wife.

Dr. Pierce's Peppets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Don't blame the phonograph if it has a bad record.



## PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."

Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.  
CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Illinois, and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

BEAR THIS IN MIND Send 25c and Photo and get 24 beautiful copies. Photo and copies returned—charges prepaid. Ask for souvenir.

McKitt & Bloch, 144 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

# HER INFINITE VARIETY

by BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY RAY WATERS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Senator Morley Vernon's visit with his fiancée was interrupted by a call from his political boss at the state capital. Both regretted it, the girl more than he, because she had arranged to attend a dinner that evening with him. She said she yearned for a national office for him. On Vernon's desk in the senate he found a red rose, accompanied by a plea for suffrage for women. He met the authoress, Zetty Miss Maria Greene of Chicago, who proposed to convert him into voting for house resolution No. 19. Miss Greene secured Vernon's promise to vote for the suffrage resolution. He also aided her by convincing others. He took a liking to the fair suffragette. Miss Greene consulted with the lieutenant-governor, Vernon admitted to himself that the suffragette had stirred a strange feeling within him. He forgot to read his fiancée's letter. Vernon made a great speech in favor of suffrage, aided by glances from Miss Greene. The resolution was made a special order. Vernon was enthusiastic on the prospects for the resolution. He was much in Miss Greene's company. Vernon neglected thoughts of Amelia. He took Miss Greene driving and laid out plans for the success of the resolution. Vernon's speech caused a great newspaper sensation. He was being neglected by Amelia, who had not answered his letter. Vernon is "tipped off" that his suffrage resolution may not pass. As Miss Greene was due the following morning he had no fears. Miss Greene arrived and breakfasted with Vernon. Across the dining room, entrenched behind women opponents of the suffrage resolution, he spied Amelia. He started toward her. She treated him coldly and the women opponents of suffrage reproved him for his part. Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop told Senator Vernon that his conduct with Miss Greene had been hard upon Amelia. He was told to comfort her. Vernon had a tearful interview with Amelia, and he tried to undo the ill which his suffrage move had caused. He partially "made up" with Amelia, who had turned lobbyist against the resolution. Through the work of the anti-suffrage women the resolution fell flat. Mrs. Lathrop's trick in sending Vernon to Amelia keeping him away while the killing went on. Miss Green was introduced to the members of the Lathrop party.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You are enjoying your visit in Springfield, I trust? You have seen the Lincoln monument and the home-stead? How very interesting they must be! And the legislature offers novelty; don't you find it so?" She gathered her skirts as if to withdraw. But Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop achieved a smile.

"We have not enjoyed the pleasures of sight-seeing. On the contrary, we came to appear before the senate," she said.

Miss Greene surveyed her critically, with that look in which one woman inspects another woman's attire. She then extended her critical scrutiny to the dress of the others.

"To be sure!" she said. "I should have known."

The ladies again exchanged glances. Mrs. Barbourton plainly could not bear that their position should be equivocal. She doubtless had her little vainglorious wish to have their success known.

"Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop came down to appear in opposition to the woman's rights resolution!" She emphasized the word woman as if she would not for worlds have been a woman herself.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Greene. "I am sure her appearance must have been a very convincing argument." She gave her opponent another searching glance. Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop was having difficulty in getting her breath.

"We have been having a taste of lobbying, Miss Greene," she began "and—"

"How unpleasant!" said she.

"You know, possibly," said Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, regaining something of her position.

"Indeed I do," Miss Green assented, sweetly, "but where it is in the line of one's profession, duty obscures the unpleasantness. One cannot, you know, always choose one's occupation. Good morning!"

And catching her skirts, with a smile and a bow she left.

The successful lobbyists stood in silence a moment, looked one to another with wide and staring eyes. Then at last Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop spoke.

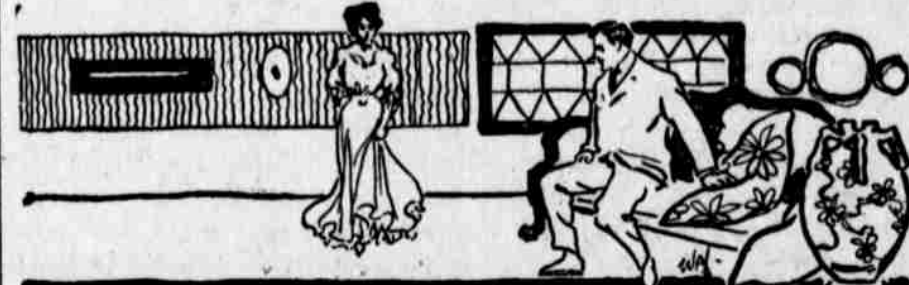
"Morley," she said, "I do wish you could learn to discriminate in your introductions."

### CHAPTER XV.

Just before dinner Amelia and Vernon sat in the little waiting room of the hotel. Mrs. Overman Hodge-La-

throp and her ladies had gone up to the suite they had taken and were engaged in repairing the toilets their political labors of the morning had somewhat damaged. Amelia had completed her toilet more quickly than they and had joined Vernon, waiting for her below.

They sat in the dim little room where Amelia could look across the corridor to the elevator, expecting every moment the coming of Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop. Now that they found themselves alone and face to face with the necessity of reconciliation, a constraint had fallen on them. Amelia constantly kept her eye on the elevator. Men were passing and repassing the open door, going to or coming from the bar-room, and their loud talk and laughter beat in



"To Be Sure," She Said. "I Should Have Known."

waves into the dim little retreat of the lovers.

As Vernon sat there he imagined that all that talk was of him; more than all, that all that laughter was at him—though there was no more of either than there was every day when the legislators came over to the hotel for their big noon dinners. At last Amelia turned to him.

"You've got the blues, haven't you?" she said. It would seem that somehow he did her an injustice by having the blues.

"No," he answered.

"Then what's the matter?" she demanded.

Vernon glanced at her, and his glance carried its own reproach.

"Oh!" she said, as if suddenly recalling a trivial incident. "Still worrying about that?"

"Well," Vernon answered, "it has some seriousness for me."

Amelia, sitting properly erect, her hands folded in her lap, twisted about and faced him.

"You don't mean, Morley, that you are sorry it didn't pass, do you?"

"It puts me in rather an awkward position," he said. "I suppose you know that."

"I don't see how," Amelia replied. "Well," Vernon explained, "to stand for a measure of that importance, and then at the final, critical moment, to fail—"

"Oh, I see!" said Amelia, moving away from him on the couch. "Of course, if you regret the time, if you'd rather have been over in the senate than to have been with me—why, of course!" She gave a little deprecating laugh.

Vernon leaned impulsively toward her.

"But, dear," he said, "you don't understand!"

"And after your begging me to come down to Springfield, to see you!" Amelia said. Her eyes were fixed on the elevator, and just at that moment the car came rushing down the shaft and swished itself to a stop just when it seemed, it should have shattered itself to pieces at the bottom. The elevator boy clanged the iron door back, and Maria Greene stepped out.

"There she is now!" said Amelia, raising her head to see. Miss Greene paused a moment to reply to the greeting of some one of the politicians who stopped to speak to her.

Amelia's nose was elevated.

"And so that's the wonderful hair you all admire so much, is it?" she said.

"Well," replied Vernon, almost defiantly, "don't you think it is rather exceptional hair?"

Amelia turned on him with a look of superior and pitying penetration.

"Does that shade deceive you?" she asked. She smiled disconcertingly, as she looked away again at Maria Greene. That woman lawyer was just leaving the politicians.

"And to think of wearing that hat with that hair!" Amelia went on. "Though of course," she added, with

pled, and then, glancing swiftly about in all directions, he kissed her.

"Morley!" she cried, and her cheeks were red, a new and happy red.

They sat there, looking at each other.

"You didn't consider, you didn't really consider her pretty, did you?" Amelia asked.

"Why, Amelia, what a question!" "But you didn't? Don't evade, Morley."

"Oh, well, now, she's not bad looking, exactly, but as for beauty—well, she's rather what I'd call handsome." "Handsome!" Amelia exclaimed, drawing back.

"Why, yes. Don't you see, dear?" Vernon was trying to laugh. "Can't you see the distinction? We call men handsome, don't we? Not pretty, or anything like that. But women! Ah, women! Them we call, now and then, beautiful! And you, darling, you are beautiful!"

They were face to face again, both smiling radiantly. Then Amelia drew away, saying:

"Morley, don't be ridiculous."

"But I'm dead in earnest, dear," he went on. "And I think you ought to make some sort of amends for all the misery you've caused me."

"You poor boy!" she said, with the pity that is part of a woman's triumph.

"I did it," he said, "just because I love you, and have learned in you what women are capable of, what they might do in politics—"

"In politics! Morley! Can you imagine me in politics? I thought you had a more exalted opinion of women; I thought you kept them on a higher plane."

"But you—" Vernon laughed, and shook his head at the mystery of it, but did not go on.

"Why, Morley, would you want to see your mother or your sister or me, or even Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop in politics?"

"Well," he said, with a sudden and serious emphasis, "not Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop exactly. She'd be chairman of the state central committee from the start, and, well—the machine would be a corker, that's all."

The elevator was rushing down again in its perilous descent, and when its door flew open they saw Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop come out of the car. Vernon rose hastily.

"There she is," he said. "We mustn't keep her waiting."

Amelia rose, but she caught his hand and gave it a sudden pressure. "But you haven't answered my question," she said, with a continuity of thought that was her final surprise for him. "Are you so very badly disappointed, after all?"

"Well, no," he said. "I don't think it would do. It would—well, it would complicate."

Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop was standing in the door, peering impatiently into the dim little room. They stared toward her.

"Anyway, dear heart," Amelia whispered as they went, "remember this—that you did it all for me."

### THE END.

### HUBBY EFFECTED QUICK CURE.

Sick Wife Aroused by Contemplation of Her Successor.

"William, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career. "Yes, darling," answered the sorrowing husband. "What is it?"

"When I am gone," said she, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful William.

"Yes, William, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable length of time you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my mind? Now, there is that charming widow Jones across the way. She has acted rather friendly toward me ever since you were taken ill. Of course, dear, she could never fill your place, but she is young, plump and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

"William Henry Brown!" exclaimed the female whose days were supposed to be numbered, as she partly raised herself upon the pillow. "If you ever dare install that red-headed, freckle-faced, squint-eyed hussy in my shoes, I'll—I'll—" And then she fainted.

But the next day Mrs. Brown was able to sit up, and two days later she was downstairs.

### A Weed That Steals Oysters.

A seaweed has invaded the oyster beds of France and carried off 400,000 oysters. It has carried them off bodily, as a thief would do.

The minute seeds of this weed float up the English channel in the current of the Gulf stream, they settle on oysters in the Breton beds of Morbihan, Quiberon and Belle-Ile, and they grow to the size of a duck's egg.

They are full of water, but at maturity the water evaporates, and air takes its place. The egg-shaped seaweed is then a balloon, and like a balloon it lifts its oyster from the bottom and bears it out to sea.